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Original Poem.

LIFE'S TALISMAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE LEYDEN BARD.

Aim high!—be sweet in sketch
Hopes that elevate the mind;
Though the brightest lines should perish,
Many linger until behind.
Trophies for unprotected glory,
Mighty names that never die:
Life and fortune, fame and glory,
All depend on aiming high.

Aim high!—the bees thunders
"Tis his sustenance whereon he eats,
While the world beholds and wonders
What can such a power impart.
Lungers like a drudging spider,
Noash his penetrating eye;
"Tis the food of bright ambition,
"Tis the might of aiming high.

Aim high!—the ealy archer
Certain aim he cannot true;
This alone will more than conquer
Every pang that shakes the breast.
Though the purpose should be shaken,
Hitch defeat in hurrying sigh,
Though the prize may not be taken—
Nothing's lost by aiming high.

Aim high!—mortal weighty fully
'Tis to shrink from danger's dawn.
Across shaped in action nobly,
Never yet achieved a crown.
"Twixt an inaction," and endorsed as
With Despair's disgusting brand,
Our hope only should commend us,
And that hope is aiming high.

Aim high!—though e'er so humble
Be the calling here below,
Pettering, care and fare must crumble
At each frim, unswerving blow.
Who are not down to empty pockets,
Nurse her best debasing sty;—
Mid the world's debasing influence,
All depends on aiming high.

Aim high!—and if you falter
Refined hope shall yet remain,
On that self-same blighted altar
Bright genius will revive again.
Keep your eye on noble heroes,
Nor to with tone and stange to die,
Has by glorious deeds been risen—
Has been won by aiming high.

Original Tales.

THE YOUNG HEROINE.
A Romance of the Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HARRY WARDEN.

A woman's hand is small and slight,
Her sinews in like a flower,
For wonder what they turned the fight
In many a desperate hour.

It was during one of the darkest periods of the Revolution, when the main body of the American army was encamped at Morristown, that a corps consisted of war was held at the house of a plain farmer by the name of Ashton. Although a word of such importance as Ashton should make him self a name through all that section of country as the most distinguished whig, and the most inveterate partisan of the British crown. And now, while the American army was in the neighborhood, his dwelling was the headquarters, and the residence of the commander-in-chief—an honor which was valued more by its owners, than if all the monarchs of Europe had combined together to hold their court under his roof.

After the council had broken up, and the subordinate officers that composed it had retired to their quarters, the commander-in-chief called Ashton to his side, and inquired whether he knew any person in the neighborhood who was worthy to be entrusted with a message of great importance. Mr. Ashton studied for a minute or two, and then replied that was he thought, one individual, who, if he could be prevailed upon to act in the matter, might be called upon for his services. He was a young man, though it would probably take some hours before he could be found.

"In how many hours will you engage to bring him before me?" said Washington, pulling out his watch.

"I cannot promise in less than three hours," said Mr. Ashton.

"It will not do," said Washington, musingly, "a few days and the crisis may be passed either for good or for evil. I cannot spare you three hours, Ashton—I cannot you feel me some other person in a shorter time?"

None I cannot think of any other in whom I would have implicit confidence," said Ashton, after a pause.

"Well, then, we must even ask it, I suppose—but bring him here as soon as possible, for delay breaks down the bridge before the horsemen have passed over."

"I will do my best—he is an able man that Jane mone," exclaimed Ashton as he hurried from the room.

While this conversation was going on, a young girl had been acting quietly sewing at the window at the inner door, unobserved by either of the speakers. It was the only daughter of Mr. Ashton, a maiden of seventeen summers—the sweet rose of the district, as the young gentlemen of the village had fastened attentively to the words of Washington, and soon after had their fathers had dropped the masked his unseasonly serious manner as he stalked slowly up and down the apartment, unconscious of her presence. The deportment of Washington was always calmly serious—there was none of that quivering of spirit about him which marks more excitement, when in the midst of great events. There was the mind, like a bird on a pole exposed to the aim of the marksmen, flutters wildly and fearfully—but here was a being whose every impulse, even when set up, as it were, as a mark for the world to shoot its most vengeful and unrelenting arrows at. No, now the countenance of the great commander wore that shade of gloom which it did when anxiously waiting for either of the speakers to see, for his words, backwards, league after league, had that one little army, the hottest hope of America, bent—and that was the power reclining his wisdom and integrity in the eyes of too many of his countrymen, and the undaunted spirit that had survived those defeats and that were rallying him gunning to bend beneath the weight of continued adversity and woe.

"Oh, my poor country!" exclaimed Washington, at length in a smothered tone, as he sank upon a chair, and buried his face with his hand.

Mary Ashton startled as these words fell upon her ear—but knowing they were uttered in entire unconsciousness of any one being present, she kept quietly for a few moments, and then stole softly from the room—entered her own chamber, and sat down upon the bed breathless.

"And have things come, then, to such a total crisis," thought the young girl—for she knew that the common pastime of evil could have drawn such an exclamation from the heroic heart of Washington,—"Oh, my poor country!" If bonded men should offer such mournful prophesies of you, should not women and children weep bitter tears? No thought Mary Ashton, and she hurried her feet in the bold effort and was them from her consciousness. For three were times when wives and daughters and mothers felt that they had as great a stake in their country's cause as their husbands and fathers and sons. There were times when the flame of liberty, like a strong fire in the forest, caught from twig to twig, and surrounded with its hellish light each bough and little tendril, as well as the tall and massive column that sustained, and burn up into the fresh air and sunshine the tree. And so all, men, women and children, were filled with a living enthusiasm, and felt how glorious a thing it was to die, if need be, for one's country: even so that mothers girded the deadly weapon upon these sons, and the betrothed west her young lover from her encircling arms, exclaiming that perhaps he might fall in the fury of the bloody charge, and she see him never more. But they were gifted with a spirit to rise above their superior touch feeble drudge, and to feel that when life can be preserved only at the cost of duty, then is life, though exercised with a monarch's diadem and upon a throne, but a curse, not worth preserving. For it is not health or soundness of body that the true man prizes, but neither is it length of days in this outward tabernacle of the flesh, but the inestimable jewel of the soul, honor, as the unconquered will of a duty, as it is named by the regenerated and redeemed.

But Mary wept not long—for she came from a lofty stock—a race that could endure and never crumble. At each frim, unswerving blow
Are not down to empty pockets,
Nurse her best debasing sty;—
Mid the world's debasing influence,
All depends on aiming high.

Aim high!—and if you falter
Refined hope shall yet remain,
On that self-same blighted altar
Bright genius will revive again.
Keep your eye on noble heroes,
Nor to with tone and stange to die,
Has by glorious deeds been risen—
Has been won by aiming high.

At the first blow, her mother Mr. Ashton returned, but only to give information of his failure to meet with the individual he had spoken of, who had the day before left home on a visit to some friends in some weeks. The disappointment of the commander-in-chief was very great—"you must find me some one else, Ashton," he said, "for it is of the utmost importance that our friends in New York should receive the news I have heard within the last six hours."

"Well," said Mr. Ashton. "I will take a turn myself, and see what I can find—but I fear, I fear," though I frankly confess my hopes are not very sanguine. I would volunteer to go, myself, but all my horses, as well as the whigs, know me, and I fear I should not be able to get further than the British lines."

Mary sank down to meet her father upon her return, but when she found he had been unsuccessful, she again sought the upper part of the house, and with a bright sparkle in her eye and somewhat of a smile upon her lip—

"A woman's hand is small and slight,
Her cheek is like a flower,
But smaller oft have turned the fight
In many a desperate hour."

Sing she in a low voice; while thoughts of Deborah and Nerea and Joan, and the Spartan mothers came to her like the sweet voices of old friends.

Mr. Ashton had in his service a boy some two years younger than his daughter, but of about the same height. And to him Mary communicated her plan. John his chamber the girl dressed herself in a complete suit of the coarsest stuff then worn by the poorer classes of society, with his Sunday cap and shoes. Burying into her own room, she took her scissors, and deliberately severed from her head the rich brown ringlets which clustered around her face—then after dressing in the clothes she had selected, and taking a careful view of herself in the glass, the rude dowry done.

The Captain looked at the supposed boy for a moment, as if doubtful in his half-drunken humor what course to take, and then shouted aloud—

"Hurra for the King, and down with the Congress! Come boy, shout, hurra for the King! and damn Washington!"

Mary touched her horse with the whip, but the Captain was not to be fooled in that way—no, no, he could see through that trick—he must no doubt let you know what that means," said he, again grasping her bridle.

"Let go, you drunken boy—"

"Come, no more of that humbug," said the Captain, sternly, gradually arriving at the conclusion that he had really made a mistake and was not about to be intelligent a face. "I begin to think you are a rebel—a whig—as my youngsters—you'd better take care of yourself."

"Come" said the man who had before spoken, "let the boy alone, for the Lord's sake, that's all the Captain wants—send them you can go."

Aye, and the sooner the better, I'd swear your father was a rebel, or he'd have mounted up onto the gun's face—" Mary my tongue never speak more, if it utter ought but curses upon that tyrant, and all who do him homage!"

"Now, and by heaven, but you shall say it, and that within ten minutes," said Gaelbraith, his face all with passion.

"Never!" said the girl resolutely.

"We will see about that," cried the tory leader, with a hellish laugh, flinging himself from his horse—"where's that rope, Tom?"

"You will not"—said the man who had before spoken, with a deprecating look.

"May I beg, myself half I will?" exclaimed his Captain furiously. "He shall say it in ten minutes, or hang—come him!"

The fiend's face grew pale, but it was the pale sense of intense determination, not of fear. She disarmed from her saddle, and offered the cruel assone to be placed around her neck; while the other end of the rope was thrown across a bough that projected over the road.

"Lay hold of that rope!" shouted the Captain to his men. "Now," said he, talking out his watch, "I give the word—pull! you will see a pretty sight—now, youngster, understand me—if you do not say what I told you, before your ten minutes are out, you know your fate. You shall be the only joking with you—Jack Galbraith never jokes.

What pen can picture the thronging thoughts of that young, brave girl, as she stood there accused of by unsparing and pitiless men—now, no, not now—unsparing, for they knew not how to Wear Point, with whom I can stop at night—all good whigs I can assure you—and it any body questions me on my way, I shall answer that I am going to see my friends up the country."

"It is a good plan, a very good one," said Washington, musingly—"and none the worse for its simplicity—you understand, of course, my boy, that the message I shall give you is for the ears of no one but your father? Stop at the first tavern out at West Point. You understand this?"

"I understand it," replied the disguised girl proudly.

"And that, threaten as they may, no one else is to know it. I trust to you, for I am entrusted with any message of mine?"

"Let them threaten or let them beg, they shall find out nothing from me," exclaimed she resolutely.

The last general went to a writing desk that stood on the table, and took from it the hollow part of a common quill in which was inserted a small compact roll of very thin paper—then letting down a few stitches in the roundabout that the gird wore, he concealed the quill between the lining and the cloth in such a manner, that nothing but accident, or the most careful inspection, could discover it—then with a needle and thread he carefully though rather awkwardly sewed up the hole that he had made.

"You see, my boy, it is well to know how to do everything—to sew as well as to ride," said he smiling.

Mary smiled too, for she thought the general astonished him a little, were it not for the danger of discovery, in the use of the needle.

"How soon will you be ready to start?" said the general.

"Now," replied she.

"Perhaps you had better wait for your dinner—"

"I thought you wanted the errand done as quick as possible."

Washington gave an approving look—"I only wished to try you, my boy," said he. "Now then, be off—and may the blessing of God go with you! Remember—be not over anxious, but be careful, and above all, be secret."

Mary caught his hand and pressed it to her lips, and hurried from the room

A strange boy, but a fine one," said the hero, going to the window and gazing after her as she rode swiftly up the road.

Such was the commencement of Mr. Ashton when upon returning unsuccessfully to his home, the first word informed him of what had occurred in his absence. Mary's mother was in her surprise and alarm when upon inquiring for his daughter, no trace of her could be found. It was not till he had himself visited her chamber that he knew the truth—and upon the chair, that a suspicion of the truth suggested itself. But when the circumstances were narrated, corroborative circumstances contrived him that he was not mistaken. But while highly pleased with the courage and patriotism of his daughter, and the applause which her conduct called forth from Washington, he was naturally anxious lest some injury should befall her in her unprotected journey. She was his only child, and since the death of his wife which took place when Mary was but a few years old, she had become doubly dear to him that were possible, to his heart. So strongly did his fears overweigh upon his mind, that, not even waiting to take a hasty meal, though he had eaten nothing since morning, he mounted his horse and started on after her—not to watch himself, the risk of capture, rather than to remain quietly at home when the might possibly be in the midst of danger.

But leaving Mr. Ashton for a time to his painful forebodings, let us turn for a moment to follow the march of his daughter.

Mary had travelled on rapidly for about three hours, and having met with no obstacles began to congratulate herself upon the safety and ease with which her journey could be performed, when she came at a turn of the road a small party of soldiers belonging to the British uniform, and dressed before her. Half tempted to fly, she seized up her hand to her breast, and then, as the thought that such would be required to her possession, she rode quietly on, hoping to pass them unquestioned. But vain were her expectations, for the leader of the party, a tall, ill-featured man, seized the bridle of her horse as she came opposite to him, exclaiming with an oath—

"Not many hours' distance, my boy! Come, what one you, a traitor whig, or a loyal tory?"

Mary knew in an instant whom she had met, but not as such she was not aware that Captain Galbraith at any time in the world.

"I am a poor boy, going to visit my relations, sir," said she trembling.

"Going to visit your relations, are you? well, and what's your name, my boy?"

"I am a poor boy, going to visit my relations," replied she, hardly needing to counterfeit the confusion and alarm of a frightened boy.

"You have scared the young rascal out of his wits, Captain," said one of the men.

"Well, my boy, you have not answered my question, but perhaps you have some to trans-act with you, but perhaps you have some to transact with me, replied Mary, remembering through the confusion of her boy's sweetness and fluency, she raised her eyes from the floor, and fixing them unblenchingly upon the face of Washington said earnestly. "Are you General Washington?"

"Washington—what have you business to transact with me?"

"I don't know that I have any business to transact

nister there! He is the most faithful, active man I ever saw. He is all the time visiting from house to house. It appears to me that such activity and zeal as he possesses, must be successful anywhere. People cannot be unconcerned when the importance of religion is urged so incessantly upon them in private.

AS MR. JOHN DE LANCEY is necessary to our paper in a double capacity, as the friend of the publishers—supposed he had been rather the observer in his house, and was growing personal in his solicitations, when he was interrupted by the entrance of another visitor.

MR. HENRY who last entered, was a gentleman of a sanguine temperament of a short stature, was fond of good company, and shrunk from every thing which was not perfectly in good taste. After the usual salutation, he said,

"I had the pleasure, Mr. Jones, of hearing Dr. Simpkins preach, last Sunday. He certainly is a most eloquent man. You always had a taste in study. I understand that he generally studies twelve hours a day. And now he has risen to be one of the most eminent men in the country. How wretchedly these ministers mistake who flatter away their time in running about from house to house!" There is the minister at Hadley, for instance, they say he is a very friendly man, and talks very pleasantly to the family; but it is not a matter what he talks, he always preaches the same sermon. The men who live in the study, and who devote their energies to the pulpit, are the men who do the most good."

NOW MR. JONES, though he loved his study, thought it his duty to devote a portion of his time to parochial visiting: and as the two visitors eagerly engaged in talking, he pleasantly suggested to them the propriety of embracing some other time and place for their discussion.

As they withdrew, MR. JONES resolved, as he had done a thousand times before, that he would do that which appeared to him right in the sight of God, and not incur the spiritual guilt of his people, and leave others to think and say what they pleased.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We receive many poems that are undeniable as to sense of their length. Three or four good verses are better than twenty bad ones—and a short saleable piece will find acceptance, where a long piece of poor merit is rejected. Will our correspondents please bear this in mind.

"THE CRITIC" is thankfully accepted, and we will endeavor to give it an early insertion.

"LYRIC," by M. W., are welcome.

SOME THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

We are and to-day—and yet we know not that we have cause for sadness. The death of one who for some years we have known as a sweet and gifted scarlet girl, and whom we have been led to regard with more interest, perhaps, than we should otherwise have done, from the fact that she was deemed marked out as a victim to that insidious foe of youth and beauty, consumption, has insensibly led our thoughts to the consideration of that most mysterious but most certain of all events: the death of this outcast world. For all those there was no tie of relationship between ourselves and the departed, and though we stood as it were only in the porch and outer circle of her friendship, there is something in the death of the young and beautiful that awakens a stronger interest even in the breasts of strangers, and fills the air with a contemplation of the great mystery of life, by demonstrating that youth has no fortress that cannot be broken down by the hand of the destroying angel. For as it seemeth but natural that the old and decrepid should die, that those who appear but the relics of a departed age, should pass away to join the friends who have gone before, the fact of their departure from this state of being gives beyond the narrow circle of their immediate household, no shock into the mind. When we see the old man lying down to the full of infirmities as he is at present, it requires no deep religious exercise, it is in fact but the dictate of the natural heart, to feel even a degree of satisfaction in the thought that

> "When his weak head grew palsied, and his eye
> Took off the mists of age, or cataract,
> He could discern, as clearly as in youth,
> The subtle from the simple."

But while the case is altered, and we think on their fate as we do on a flower that without any apparent cause withers away in the spring-time, from all circumstances as blooming and vigorous and filling the air with their pleasant odors. The natural, that which evidently and undeniably will be one in accordance with a fixed and established purpose never shocks but always gratifies the mind. We feel that it is better so than the abnormal, or rather that which appears unnatural to the untrained mind always inflicts a sting upon the heart that has learned a little from nature, that that which is natural from the experiences of a deep religious faith. To such an one, who has accustomed himself to look at Death not as the foe, but as the kind friend of man the silent angel appointed by the Highest to usher the gate that opens into the blissful region that perfect joy the departure of the youngest and most beautiful from this state of imperfect existence is rather an occasion of rejoicing and of gladness than of sorrow. Such an one answers to the minstrel's chilled words: "Oh, life was made to pass, to pass away and cheerful, and so fitted, thus, for life."—Then was the latter fitted for a residence in that bright sphere, where there is infinitely more goodness, more purity, more of what we call good, more cheerfulness, than in this narrow and imperfect state of being.

Neither is there truth in the thought that those who die young have not necessarily God's plotted their full mission upon earth. Many are the lessons of patience, of resignation, of holy cheerfulness often audibly whispered, that could have taught to the circles in which they moved. The calm faith with which such often look forward to their own approaching dissolution, is often of itself a lesson that it were worth while having lived to teach: "Weep not, why do you weep." I am not sorrowful, but happy,"—as the language of many who called home to their "Father's house" in the young freshness of their being.

But we want faith. Our religion is too often the product of fear rather than of love. We are religious not so much because it is God, as because we fear the wrath to come. After all not pretensions of belief in the truth of Christianity, we have more faith in the world that we see, than in the world which we have not seen. Of one thing we are certain, that the grave is a reality, that it is well to be on the safe side in case there should be a life beyond the grave. Had we really and truly as much faith in the world to come as we profess, we could not indulge in such loud lamentations when the good and pure were called from our sides to dwell forever beneath the loving smile of our God. But it is one thing to say "I believe" and another to believe.

We speak not this in the way of censure of others, more than of ourselves—but well we know that we have not that faith which Christianity demands at the hands of every one professing a belief in its sublime truths. In all reverence we would say for ourselves what we feel the great body of Christendom has need to say, "Lord, increase our faith!" that we may believe, really and in truth and in heart, and not as now, with a partial amount of the understanding and with the tongue alone. But perhaps we cannot conclude these desultory remarks better than by reiterating a few verses that accord with the opinions we have expressed, from a poem that is, we believe, but little known, entitled "*Death on the Pale Horse*," by James Kennard, *Jr.*

> "When God ordained man's destiny,
> To Death the blessed task was given
> Of setting every captive free—
> Of ushering souls from Earth to Heaven.
> As downward on him plain he rode
> He dashed, with fearful power, his dart,
> Here shrilled his breast with holy joy!
> How leaped his heart! how kindled his sight!
>
> "And ever since that blessed hour
> Has Death wrought o'er and o'er
> At breaking her prison for the free;
> A tender grief, from day to day;
> Till when the glad moment comes
> Long wished—and upon him a blossom,
> The plaudit is from his native sky,
> And joyous it opens her bosom.
>
> "Thus meekly Death watches over
> Each struggling spirit elected in clay
> Till, at the sunshine of Jehovah,
> He bears the ripened soul away.
> The bond, the free, the high, the low,
> Alike are objects of his love;
> *And though he shows himself to some before,*
> *He joins them successors above.*
>
> "And this is Death! oh, paint him not
> As I realize conceptions of the dark
> Dream, who weareson as from a spot
> Be full of sin and wear no mark!
> Oh, he is heaven-to-men—this—
> From which all Christian should be weary!
> The friend who ushers us to bliss
> Should not be painted as a fiend."

THE LYNN BARD.

Our readers will remember that an article appeared in the Post, a few days since, recommending a rather lonely upon some productions of this gentleman, which appeared in the Lynn News. Now we are very much opposed to all personalities in general—it is in direct opposition to our established principles—but in this instance we must depart from the course—but sometimes we happen to see something in the papers that tickles us just under the ribs, and in spite of ourselves, we have to laugh right out. Of course we do not mean to give this as an excuse for the fun that somebody (in our absence it must be) will get intended by the "poking at the ribs" business; for see what a pretty letter we have received from him—and the letter is nothing to the little poem of a book, pink-bound and gilt-edged, that accompanies it. We were inclined as pleased to receive the manuscript from the Bard, that we immediately gathered the whole editorial conclave around us, and read aloud as follows:

DEAR SIR,

In a recent number of your estimable and extensively read and admired paper, you were pleased to copy a very hastily written paragraph of mine, on receiving a wreath of flowers from a still unknown hand. Had your introductory notice been written in a spirit of kindness, I would have thanked you from my "heart of hearts," but to my unprecedented surprise you greet a confession to sound a stricture deer that four lines had been read. I shall not endeavor to deprecate criticism, by intimating that those stanzas were written with only a running pen, and only printed in a public paper because that was the only way in which they could come to the eye of the "Lynn Bard," who had done to me an act of kindness—but I shall content myself with giving you the definitions of the words which you have underscored as if you thought them incorrect.

"The dews of heaven *wept* rich blessings o'er them."

It is a common error to imagine, that no fluid but *wind* can waft. Webster defines wafted—to bear through a fluid or buoyant medium, to convey through water or air, to buoy, to cause to float." This definition weds the words into perfect propriety.

"*Bright* as sweet flowers *dye* in golden fountains."

It certainly requires no uncommon exercise of the imagination, to conceive that gold may be melted and made fluid, and then it is flower, even if it were simple and rustic as the author of the line, were dipped in it. I fancy it would come out bright.

"Rich as the rays of morning on the mountains."

The quality of being rich is not confined, I suppose, to coin—the beauties of poesie or painting, or the other definitions of rich, are, "splendid, sumptuous, abundant, vivid, abounding with elegant ornaments, producing something of value." And I think you will admit that the "rays of morning," in the chapter of flowers, "excited such a feeling by the hand of adfection, may be any or all of these.

In return for your notice, I send you a little poem of mine, which I presume will be read by attention among my *friends*—and I should certainly be pleased to rank the editor of one of the "richest" and "brightest" papers in the Union among the number. If you can find nothing worthy of notice in a book which one of the most popular and highly gifted of living English poets has pronounced to be the favorable notice of his countrymen, I am willing you should throw the volume into the fire and consider it a sacrifice.

ALONZO LEWIS.

Sagamore Cottage, Lynn, Mass.

Now said we, after a proper pause at the conclusion of the reader. "Who dared to write that letter?" "Why, you yourself, to be sure," said one of you, Tenny?" "Catch me at it," said Tenny. "I wouldn't be seen doing so such thing." "Was it you, Trip?" Trip looked very much astonished and almost "the Boss pacing his own hot potatoes"—but it is beneath our dignity to understand such vulgar allusions. "Ah, I see you Benson—and, by the again—nothing more, sir—don't do it again, that's all," continued we, as the impertinent fellow was about to reply. "Mr. Lewis is a very particular friend of ours—see what a pretty little book of poetry he has sent us, real poetry too—what do you think of it, as a sample."

SACRED MELODY.

> The life will soon be over,
> With its sorrows and its fears!
> Its laughing hours of sunshine,
> And weary days of tears!
> Our images will pass away
> From long-remembering eyes;
> And we shall be open the earth
> As we had never been."

"As we had never been"—Oh no!

> Our gracious deeds will last;
> Linked to the glorious dead,
> In the memory of the past!
> And all that we have done on earth,
> Like ripples which the wind
> Or calms of a sacrifice,
> Is in ocean to the shore:
> In oneness to the shore, where friends
> Have forgot to weep,
> Then verse the chapter of delight,
> And the wine of friendship pour,
> And let the song of gladness
> And the voice of mirth rebound
> Where the grateful spirit has expand
> Now the very gates of heaven
> With the lyre and with the song
> In love's delicious bowers
> And the trilling grasp of pleasure
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HOT WEATHER.

Summer has at length come in earnest. The extreme heat of the weather has been such that several deaths, both of men and animals, are reported as having occurred within the last week, in this city and neighborhood. The advice that the physicians usually give in the dog-days, is to "drag out"—and they give it with us, when we see it, for we will get the thing done, if we can. The following is the way everybody was trying to do. "Don't get excited, don't be a passenger to say they. Remarkably good advice, decidedly sensible—but the difficulty is to follow, when the blood is heated up but that to get into a passion, is the best plan to keep cool in the world. You may talk of "philosophy"—but we would like to see the man who does not lose his patience on a hot summer night, when it is impossible to go to sleep even if undisturbed, at hearing the low, ominous humming of a distant but approaching musquito. Then the quick response growing louder—till the impudent *reptile* lights with a sudden wheel on your face. We suppose a philosopher would coolly put out the light, and attention gently the delicate animal away; but we are free to confess that our temperament is of a less phlegmatic nature. So we let them come in large and we kill them. We are not sure that it is a violence that if our nocturnal sensualist would only wait to receive it, would knock the vile breath out of his ugly little carcase. But a musquito will never stand up and take a hit "like a gentleman," but sneaks off with a wound, that is generally nearly asleep and then plays the same amusing game over again. There is only one remedy for such annoyances—light your lamp, open your doors and windows, and then make a thorough inspection of the walls of your room—and burn, burn, burn! Fire is the only destroyer of them. In cool weather—here is a prescription worth all others that have ever been suggested. If you are a farmer, get to work and get in your grass as late as possible, if you are a mechanic, don't stop on account of the heat, but work away, early and late, and early and late, eating of a little in the middle of the day —if you are a merchant, a lawyer, an editor, or anything else, why you have your business to attend to, if you were "as cool as a cucumber"—and in a short time, depend upon it, we have tried it often, you will get interested in the work, forget the heat, and for see what a pretty letter we have received from him—and the letter is nothing to the little poem of a book, pink-bound and gilt-edged, that accompanies it. We were inclined as pleased to receive the manuscript from the Bard, that we immediately gathered the whole editorial conclave around us, and read aloud as follows:

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THE PEACE QUESTION.

Mr. Sumner delivered an oration last year before the authorities of Boston, which, in the opinion of those "most grave and reverend seigniors," sent ultra ground upon the question of Peace, and decided the right of one city of Massachusetts to go to war. Mr. Sumner's oration was a beautiful and very able composition, and has recently been published in England, and received the highest commendations for its literary merit and the pure and philanthropic spirit it breathes, from the British Press. We think it far the ablest production of the author, or, more correctly speaking, of any man; but, as "a practical man," we rather incline to the opinion of the celebrated Governor Caleb F. Webster, who was appointed orator for this year, with the evident purpose of holding forth in the old wonted wisdom of Boston, on the Fourth of July sentiments. After speaking of the theoretical schemes of the scholar and the enthusiastic philanthropist, Mr. Webster goes on to say:

> "Could there be some means of reaching such a condition painted not to us, (universal peace), which we could see and feel, we should rejoice at once to make the attempt. We approve the object heartily, everybody approves it, the whole world desires it. Governments have a religious basis, as large and pray that such an event may at last arrive. It needs only wait to receive it; would knock the vile breath out of his ugly little carcase. But a musquito will never stand up and take a hit "like a gentleman," but sneaks off with a wound, that is generally nearly asleep and then plays the same amusing game over again. There is only one remedy for such annoyances—light your lamp, open your doors and windows, and then make a thorough inspection of the walls of your room—and burn, burn, burn! Fire is the only destroyer of them. In cool weather—here is a prescription worth all others that have ever been suggested. If you are a farmer, get to work and get in your grass as late as possible, if you are a mechanic, don't stop on account of the heat, but work away, early and late, and early and late, eating of a little in the middle of the day —if you are a merchant, a lawyer, an editor, or anything else, why you have your business to attend to, if you were "as cool as a cucumber"—and in a short time, depend upon it, we have tried it often, you will get interested in the work, forget the heat, and for see what a pretty letter we have received from him—and the letter is nothing to the little poem of a book, pink-bound and gilt-edged, that accompanies it. We were inclined as pleased to receive the manuscript from the Bard, that we immediately gathered the whole editorial conclave around us, and read aloud as follows:

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CHOICE CLIPPINGS.

We see a great many beautiful things in looking over the columns of the multitudinous papers that exchange with the Post; but, after all, there are few passages quite so pleasant to the eye of a hard-working Editor, as that little scrape at the finger; giving the assurance as they do that his labors are not in vain.

OUR LITERARY EXCHANGES.

The SATURDAY EVENING POST, *Philadelphia*, *one of the best of its class. We delight to open the pages.*

The above is from the *Methodist Protestant*, published at Pittsburgh—and we are glad to see that our brethren of the influential church whose name it bears, and a very well edited sheet.

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"Among the articles for which the Clerk of the House of Representatives has issued proposals, to supply the members of the present Congress, we find the following set down as wanted:

"Three hundred *English* penknives, four blades, best print, ring or back handles;' and two hundred and fifty pocket knives, of the same quality—making one thousand and forty penknives, for the use of two hundred and twenty-eight gentlemen, for the period of their session, and a small surplus."

It is evident that the honorable representatives must have chances for whittling purposes, or else they would not need four apiece. We shall look for a corresponding increase in the next call we would for each member. Well, we approve of this expenditure of the public money—if we could only see that Congressmen were whittling all the time instead of speech making, the country would be a great gainer by it in the end.

Notices of New Works.

A TREATISE ON PHYSIOLOGY. *By Andrew Combe, M. D., Physician to H. H. Duke of Saxe Coburg.* In the first number of a series upon the above subject, we have received a communication from the author himself, which has for us considerable interest. Some years ago, we published a work upon the same subject, and substituting therefore a letter as sign for each of the thirty eight elementary sounds. Some persons of the present day, have taken up the same idea, and have actually published a work upon it, which we have seen spoken very enthusiastically of the new system; but we have not seen the work itself. Dr. Combe has undertook to arrive at a knowledge of things as they are, we feel sure that every number will be found to be of great use to the public at large. Still, if we were convinced that it really would be of such great advantage to all, we would be willing to publish the work in our present and picture book as easily as most people. Inclosed in the above letter, we have received a letter addressed to us as Prospectus in error of a Magazine he proposes to publish upon the same subject. Price fifty cents a year. Those wishing to subscribe will address A. Combe, M. D., 10 Melville Crescent, Edinburgh.

SMALL BOOKS ON GREAT SUBJECTS. We have received three numbers of a series of works under the above title, which are published in London by Charles Knight, and for sale in this city by Carey & Hart. These tales respectively are *Philosophical Theories and Philosophical Experiments, Chaldea, Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians, Peru, Historical Sketch, and The Principles of Criminal Law.* The publication is one from which we have derived much pleasure, and the matter appears to be very full. Theophilus Fisk of this city is the editor and proprietor for the United States.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. We have before us the 113th number of this valuable publication, containing the best articles that appear in the English Reviews and Magazines, it is very interesting to the American reader of the day. See the Agents list in this paper.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IRISH PEERS AND THE LEARNED BARRISTER—WARRIOR PRELATES—CONTINUED FAMINE—THE QUEEN'S SPEECH—PRINCE WALDEMAR—LIBERAL DONATION—A LAST HEARING—DETERMINED FOREIGN —MISCELLANEOUS—THE PRESS.

Bristol, England, June 17, 1846.

The last of the day in Europe just now, is Ireland. Its last news is of a very startling character. Peace, it now undergoing a similar ordeal in England. But as you will see full accounts of all the leading political events in the journals of the day you prepare, it will be unnecessary for me to indulge in what would be a mere repetition, though it is really difficult to keep from it, when we see that the Irish Peers are about to be summoned that only a few days ago, Ibrahim was denounced both in England and France as a cruel and bloody monster, by the journals of those two countries, for the inordinate punishment of a few Arabians, for extraordinary profession—in his father, Ibrahim, for the life of his consul, on his pipe, he—and they are now to be summoned to the House of Lords, to meet also in the persons he makes. For example, there is a Peer who is more to the point to the Master of Ceremonies, than the Irish Peer, and that is the Peer of the Royal visit will be the gradual introduction of the Irish Peers, and the Irish Barristers, to the Queen. Lord Brougham presided, the Lord Chief Justice Pennefather, the Solicitor General, the Master of Rolls, Lord Monteagle and Lord Beaumont, were there, and spoke. Lord John Manners, the Chief Secretary and several others of the House of Lords, and the Commons, but as you will see by the report, the House, the sum of real calculation, were there, while present, in the person of the Common Sergeant and the late head of the Equity Court. Lord Brougham's address to the meeting. Members of both Houses of the Legislature supported it. The Lord Mayor and the Law Amendment Society. Mr. Elliot ably expressed the defects of the law as debtor and creditor; many other City authorities and Lord Lovaine, the Chief Secretary, and Mr. Cubbins is to join them immediately.

The business of the meeting, succeed of the re-ply, as a lawyer would say. The Marquis of Clanricarde, moved a declaration that the existing system of exempting dignitaries of the church and the land, the Earl of Radnor, that *the mode of framing Grand Juries is unfavourable to their true appointments.* Mr. Home, that the present system is unfavourable to the mode of legislating for private and local objects. the Duke of Richmond, that the present system of improved system of secondary punishments, and the preparation of a criminal code and digest. These are real tangible objects, and therefore they could be were handled in a real, business-like manner. The numerous number of law-books, and their peculiar language, have rendered them useful books to the many. No man attempts to understand the law, but if he can afford it keeps a lawyer to do that for him, if you have a question of law you hasten to have a firm consulted, visited only by lawyers and known only from their reports. Men were shy of meeting what they call "a lawyer," but now there is little about. Now the clients are looking into the matter for themselves, and all the better for it, adding the lawyers are aiding them. Somewhat complained, when he failed to his witness to whom he had paid a guinea, and found that he had been there some two strong for him; but this meeting proves that the case of Jeremiah are more divided, and that the people are not to be trifled with, and that the independence on the public is to exact Law reform.

MR. M'CONNELL.

The Washington Correspondent of the New York Evening Post, in the following letter, gives an account of the dress worn by Mr. McConnell, the rather eccentric member from Mississippi. For honorable members, their name into her honor dressed in full suit of yellow, and common evening gown, tied around the waist with orange-colored sash, the tassels of which dangled negligently down to his knees. He also wore a broad-brimmed sombrero, that looked like the cast-off umbrella of the Duke of Sussex, and he carried a rattan, expanded and fat. With all this flowing attire on his person, he looked very much like the Grand Turk, or the Emperor of Russia, when he is about to review his troops. He was quite a curiosity, and as he passed through the lobby, he was followed by a crowd of persons, who gazed at him with astonishment. Mr. McConnell is a large and portly man, and he is a very good looking man, and he is a very good looking man, and he is a very good looking man, and he is a very good looking man, and he is a very good looking man, and he is a very good looking man, and he is a very good looking man, and he is a very good looking man, and he is a very good looking man, and he is a very good looking man

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TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by *James Rusch, O. H. Constant, T. Gardner Smith, T. T. Dow & Co., Cincinnati, and Messrs. Hamilton & Co., Dayton.*

JOHN MINOR, Cashier, Richmond, Va., and Mr. JNO P. JOHNSTON, assisted by *Eli H. Stevenson*, for Kentucky.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States, assisted by *Messrs. Lee & Wheeler, O. H. P. Rowe, William H. Weld, Julia B. Wood, J. P. B. Watson, and Mrs. Gardner.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Boston.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscriptions and subscriptions for the paper in the State of New York.

Congressional News.

The Senate have been principally occupied during the last week with the discussion of the Loan and Tariff Bills. It is the general opinion that the former will be passed, but the fate of the latter still remains in such a state as to render probability now that the Senate will be equally divided upon its passage, it would then remain with the Vice President to determine its fate. What course Mr. Dallas will pursue in such an event is doubtful —though he has expressed his views in favor of protecting vote in the affirmative. We shall see.

On the 14th, Mr. Webster presented a petition signed by every importer and dry goods merchant in Boston, against the bill to reduce the tariff.

A bill has passed the Senate for the relief of the widow of Lieutenant Hunter, who fell in the defence of various papers of his in her possession—year 21, says 10.

A bill for the improvement of the navigation of the Muscongus, Ohio, and Arkansas rivers, has also been passed by the Senate, and sent to the House.

The Graduation Bill, with the House amendments, was taken up on the 11th, and after a short debate, referred to the Committee on Public Lands for amendment. Mr. Calhoun opposed it in strong terms. The principle in the bill which alarmed him to support it, was the reduction set out, and he would not now give it his countenance.

Mr. J. M. Clayton presented a memorial, some time since, from various citizens in favor of the bill recommending the purchase of Mr Catlin's Indian Gallery. We trust that Congress will not fail to send themselves over, and thereby confer a favor upon the truly American work. It would be a disgrace to us if it should go to adorn the library of some European nation.

In the House the resolution for the payment of troops called out by Gen. Gaines with the Senate's amendments, has been agreed to.

Mr. Dromgoole asked leave on the 11th to submit an order to be sent to the Senate, intimating that they that the Sub-Treasury Bill, the Naval Appropriation Bill, Post and Military Appropriation Bills were passing.

The House refused to entertain Mr. Dromgoole's motion.

On the 14th the House went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and took up the Treasury Note Bill.

Mr. D. Davis offered an amendment, making of a Loan Bill and specie receivable for the same.

Mr. Giddings followed in a severe partizan speech, in which he took the members of the Cabinet sharply to task for coming into the House for the purpose of controlling its action.

Mr. Thomas replied in the same flow, and delivered a speech of the same stamp.

Mr. Douglass then took the floor and spoke for about an hour, defending the course pursued by Mr. Giddings and Tilden. The Committee then rose, and the House adjourned.

General News.

CANADIAN AUDACITY TAKEN.—This ironclad Mexican commander came to anchor on the 11th in the hands of some of our volunteers recently. Capt McCullough's company, who were at Reynosos, or entered information that a band of robbers were in about fifteen miles from that place, and that Canales was their leader. They set out in search, and they repaired in the vicinity of the ranche, and waited in the darkness for the loss of the night to make his appearance. When he came in the night, some of the Rangers walked in and politely requested an introduction to Monsieur Canales. The gentleman had an accident. but two of his officers were shot and received an invitation to ride out to Reynosos and pay a visit to Col Wilson. The Colonel received them in his usual manner, and after passing and becoming his guests until General Taylor should have time to call.

ATTEMPT TO KILL T. F. MARSHALL.—The Louisville Courier says:—Capt. Thomas J. Marshall made a very narrow escape with his life on Monday morning last. Some unknown person, for whom he had a difficulty, drew their pistols, and pointed them full at his breast; there pulled trigger, and it missed fire. Capt. Marshall was disabled without discharging the deadly contents with which they were charged. It was a good fortune for many of that evening to which the volunteers were exposed, dampened the powder and thus prevented the discharge of the pistol. He is indebted for his life. The offending volunteers were promptly placed under arrest.

GEN. TAYLOR.—The greatest enthusiasm and excitement is said to prevail in Rough and Ready camp, among both regulars and volunteers, and with such a feeling in his favor that whenever he appears it will be the signal for a shout. None are unmoved in the brigade of volunteers that General Scott was not to supercede General Taylor, so great was the confidence reposed in the latter. Some of the officers immediately called them out and marched them to the body of the army, and gave them a hearty cheer, and gave him a military salute; after which the soldiers gave him three cheers the heartiness of which plainly indicated that they were from the heart.

☞ The Harrisburg papers contain notices of extended application to the next Legislature for two new banks, and the establishment of a branch office. One of the applications for a new bank come from Dauphin—capital $500,000; the other from Bend ford—capital $500,000, from the Bank of Commerce, Philadelphia, capital $1,000,000; and from the Southwark Bank, Philadelphia, capital $500,000.

THOUGHTS AMONG THE INDIANS.—Some apprehension appears to be entertained, that an attack will be made on Fort Snelling by the Chippewas, on the presence of twenty-five hundred men recently there on a charge of killing a Chippewa. The town has been given up to the Indians, and the friends of the murdered man were clamorous to get possession of them; that they might inflict such as they considered a proper punishment. There are twenty-five hundred Chippewas at the Fort, comprising sixty men.

MORMONS IN TEXAS.—About one hundred and fifty of the emigrating Mormons have reached the Brazos river, and encamped on the west side. The Telegraph advises them to settle on the Indian frontier, on the East Fork of the Trinity, as the country rich, fertile, healthy and beautiful—in the land of promise, and be free from the persecutions which their intolerance has so frequently let loose upon them.

THE CHOLERA.—The London correspondent of the Boston Atlas, writing on the day of sail of the Britannia, says:—It is reported to-day in the city, that the Asiatic cholera has made its appearance at Hull. It has been known for some time that the cholera has appeared in several places between India and Russia, it having taken precisely the same route as it did many years ago.

MAINE U. S. SENATOR.—The Legislature of Maine has succeeded in electing James W. Bradbury of Augusta, U. S. Senator from that State.

FIRE AT NANTUCKET.

The New York papers of Wednesday evening contain the particulars, in part, of a fire which broke out at Nantucket, at 11 P. M. on Monday, and at the time of the locks leaving on Tuesday, was still raging furiously, with no means of stopping it.

The fire was discovered in the store occupied by *E. & J. Kelly*, and the flames spread with such rapidity as to baffle every exertion to repress them.

Some fifty wooden buildings are said already to be destroyed. The houses being built almost entirely of wood, renders it very difficult to arrest the flames. Many buildings had been blown up, and all the powder in the town exhausted, with but little the good result except in one instance; and it was accordingly difficult to procure it.

A CORRECTED CERTIFICATE.—Sometime ago, there was a great noise about the presentation of a service of plate from the King of Prussia to Dr Muhler, the Pastor of the Lutheran Reformed Church at Washington, but at that time it was little thought that the reverend divine was such a exempt hypocrite. Circumstances within the last few days have come to light, which have caused his abrupt departure from that city, attended by the curses of every pa. sent. It appears that one of the members of his church, possessed a beautiful bon gentleman's daughter of his host, a girl of 14 years of age. The reverend gentleman, it is said, seduced the child. It appears that his diabolical conduct commenced more than a year ago, when the child was only 13. He at first met her at the back street, selected from the best very soon found that it would not be prudent to leave the fury of an outraged community, and departed.

A MILITARY EXPEDITION TO CALIFORNIA.—From the rumors in the New York Journals, and from the Washington City, it seems probable that a military expedition is being fitted out for California. This expedition, it is said, will consist of a force of about 1,000 men, selected from the best class of mechanics and laborers of the middle and western states, who will go in the capacity of soldier and emigrant. They are to be fully officered and equipped, and receive the full pay of the U. S. troops while on the march. Their services are to be required by the General Government in their war with Mexico, at the close of which they are discharged, each with a good piece of land in California, on which they are bound to settle. The object of the expedition is not fully stated, but it is probably with a view to take possession of that country, and to hold it as a kind of indemnity for the expenses incurred in the Mexican war.

DESTRUCTIVE STORM.—On the 6th, 7 couple of John Bulls, from Canada, paid a visit to Ogdensburgh, dressed in an ordinary sailor's garb, and after spending about a time, ascended to the top of the liberty pole, and lowered the "star-spangled banner." No sooner was the outrage discovered, than the crowd made a rush for them, and were only prevented from executing summary justice by their prompt arrest. After being carried before a magistrate, they were allowed to depart on condition that the flag be immediately replaced. By the assistance of others this was done without delay, and they made good their escape from the excited crowd.

THE NEW FORTIFICATIONS IN CANADA.—The Montreal papers assert that $12,000,000 are to be expended in the Canadas during the next three years, in the erection of fortifications between the river St. Lawrence and the ports on Lake Ontario. At Toronto, Port Hope, and Bond Head, extensive works are projected. A stronger fort and two batteries are mostly completed at Kingston. The Military Commissioners sent out from England to make the survey, have returned

sister there! He is the most faithful, active man I ever saw. He is all the time visiting from house to house. It appears to me that much activity and zeal as he possesses, must be successful anywhere. People cannot be unconcerned when the importance of religion is urged so incessantly upon them in their houses.

Mr. Jones did not consider it necessary to go to see a dancing girl his friend, Mr. Day, paid a particular engagement he had been rather too much in his house, and was growing somewhat in his affections, while he was absent, employed by the interests of another visitor.

Mr. Mighty, who last entered, was a gentleman of unsure piety, and of a relaxed mind. He was fond of whatever was new, and shrunk from every thing which could be called by that good term. After the usual salutation, he said,

"I had the pleasure, Mr. Jones, of hearing Dr. Nameless preach, last Sabbath. He certainly is a most eloquent man. You always find him in his study. I understand that he generally studies twelve hours a day. And now he has risen to be one of the most eminent men in the country. How wretchedly these ministers mistake who flitter away their times in running about from house to house! There is the minister at Harlem, for instance; they say he is a very friendly man, and talks very pleasantly in the family, but it is no matter what text he takes, he always preaches the same sermon. The lawyer who lives in the study, and who devotes these energies to the pulpit, are the men who do the most good."

Poor Mr. Jones, though he loved his study, thought it his duty to devote a portion of his time to paternal visiting; and as the time visitors spently in pulpit is elegant, he pleasantly suggested to them the propriety of embracing some other time and place for their conversation.

Mr. Jones withdrew, Mr. Jones received, as he had done a thousand times before, that he would do that which appeared to him right in the sight of God, and must let the spiritual good of his people, and leave others to think and say what they pleased.

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For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We receive many persons that our subscribers are so careless of their length. Three or four good verses are better than twenty bad ones—and a short interesting piece will find acceptance, where a long poem of equal merit is refused. Will our correspondents please bear this in mind.

"The Convent" is thankfully accepted, and we will endeavor to give it an early insertion.

"Lenox," by M. W., are welcome.

SOME THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

We are sad, to-day—and yet we know not that we have cause for sadness. The death of one who for some years we have known as a sooner and gentle hearted girl, and whom we have been led to regard with interest, perhaps, than we should have otherwise have done, from the fact that she seemed watched not as a victim to that insidious foe of youth and beauty, consumption, and took her direction our thoughts to the consideration of that most mysterious but most certain of all events: the death of this outward body. For although there was no tie of relationship between ourselves and the departed, and though we *knew* and it were only in the sight of and outer circle of her friendship, there is something in the death of the young and beautiful that awakens a stronger interest even in the breasts of strangers, and forces the mind to a contemplation of the great mystery of life, by demonstrating that youth has no charters that cannot be broken down by the hand of the destroying angel! For as it seemeth but natural that the old and decrepit should die, that those who appear but the relics of a departed age, should pass away to join the friends who have gone before, the fact of their departure from this state of being gives beyond the narrow circle of their immediate household, no shock unto the mind. When we see the old man living down to die, full of infirmities as he is of years, it requires no deep religious experience, it is in fact but the dictate of the natural heart, to feel even a degree of satisfaction in the thought that

"When his weak head grew palsied, and his eye
Dim with the mists of age, he went to die."

But with the young, it is different, and we think on their fate as we do on a flower that without any apparent cause wears in the spring-time when all its companions are blooming and vigorous and filling the air with their pleasant odors. The physical, that which evidently and undeniably glides on in accordance with a fixed and established purpose never shocks but always gratifies the mind. We feel that it is better now—but the moral, total or rather that which appears unnatural to the untrained mind always affects a stong upon the heart that has not learned a higher wisdom than that which is natural from the experiences of a fleshly religious faith. The world is not accustomed himself to look of Death, not as the reaction, but as the kind friend of man, the silent angel appointed by Highest to close the gate that opens into the blissful regions of perfect joy the departure of the youngest and most beautiful that this state of imperfect existence is called to experience in sorrow and of gladness, than of sorrow. Such an end answers to the moment's chilled words—"Oh, she was so good, so pure, so gentle and cheerful, and so filled, thus, for life."—Then was she better fitted for a residence in that bright sphere, where there is infinitely more goodness, more purity, more of what we call good, more cheerfulness, than in this narrow and imperfect state of being.

Rather is there truth in the thought that those who die young have not necessarily accomplished their full mission upon earth. Many are the instances of patience, of resignation, of holy cheerfulness under bodily suffering that such have taught to the circles in which they moved. The calm faith with which such have died has proved to their own approaching dissolution, is often of itself a lesson that it were worth while having lived to teach. Weep not, why do we weep? I am not convinced, but happy,"—the language of many of thus called home to their "Father's house" in the young freshness of their being.

But we must faith. That religion is too often the product of fear, rather than of love. We are religious not so much because we love God, as because we fear the wrath to come. Alas all our pretensions of belief in the truth of Christianity, are but more faith in the world that we see, than in the world which we have not seen. Of our being we are certain, for we feel it; but that we are well to be on the safe side in case there should be a life beyond the grave. Had it really and truly as much faith in the world to come as we profess, we could not indulge in such fond lamentations when the good and pure were called from our sides to dwell forever beneath the loving smile of their God. But it is one thing to say "I believe," and another to believe.

We speak not this in the way of censure of others more than of ourselves—but well we know that we have not that faith which Christianity demands at the hands of every one professing a belief in its sublime truths. In all reverence we would say for ourselves what we feel the great body of Christendom has need to say: "Lord, increase our faith!" that we may believe, really and in truth and in heart, and not as now, with a partial assent of the understanding and with the tongue alone. But perhaps we cannot conclude these desultory remarks better than by extracting a few verses that accord with the opinions we have expressed from a poem that is, we believe, but little known, entitled "*Death as the Pale Horse*," by James Kennard, Jr.

"When God ordained man's destiny,
To Death the blessed task was given
Of setting earth-worn spirits free,—
Of ushering souls from Earth to Heaven.
As forewarned up the lists he rode,
He found, in his pensive delight,
How timid he knew not, but by sight
How loosed he knew not, but by light!

"And ever since that blessed hour
His Dun Steed wended its lonely round of duty,
As bended there her darling flower
A tender girl, from duty to duty;
Till when she had passed the age
Long widowed and years into a blossom,
She plucked it from its native stem,
And places it upon her bosom.

"Thus *tenderly Death* watches over
Each struggling spirit ordered to obey,
Till, at the sunders of Jehovah,
He hears the trumpet sound should be weaned—
The friend who ushers us to bliss
Has died to become a friend."

THE LYNN BARD.

Our readers will remember that an article appeared in the Post, a few weeks ago, commenting rather freely upon some productions of this gentleman's muse which appeared in the Lynn News. Now we are very much opposed to all personality in a literary point of view. Abuse and opposition to principles to ridicule anybody, except he be a knave—but sometimes we happen to see something in the papers that tickles us in our peculiar vein, and in spite of ourselves, we have to laugh right out. Of course we do not mean to give this as an excuse for the Post, but merely as an instance (it was not have been) took the liberty of poking at the Lynn Bard; for we what a pretty letter we have received from him—one that better is nothing to the little gem of a book, pink-bound and gilt-edged, that accompanied it. We were indeed so pleased to receive this piece-offering from the Bard, that we immediately gathered the whole editorial conclave around us, and read aloud as follows:

DEAR SIR,

In a recent number of your estimable and extensively read and circulated paper, you were pleased to copy a very hastily written production of mine, on receiving a wreath of flowers from a gift unknown to me. Had your correspondent been written in a spirit of kindness, I would have thanked you from my "heart of hearts," but to my astonishment, he has come out in a way, as to wound a stricken deer that long since left the herd. I shall not endeavor to deprecate criticism, by reminding you that these verses were written with a running pen, and only printed in a public paper by request. I have but one only way in which they could come to the eye of the subscriber friend who had done to me an act of kindness—but I shall content myself with giving you the real occasion of the article which you have undercursed as if you thought them unworthy.

"*The slave of heaven is oft rich blessings o'er thee.*"

It is a common mistake to imagine that no fool but wrote can wail. Webster defines Wail—"to bear Christian grief, to bear a burthen, to convey through water or air, to bury, to cause to float." This definition weds the words into perfect poetry.

"*Bright as sweet flowers dyed in golden fountains.*"

It certainly requires no uncommon exercise of the imagination, to conceive that gold may be melted and made fluid; and then if a flower, even if it were simple and rustic as the author of the line, were dipped in it, I fancy it would come out bright.

"Now as the rays of morning on the mountains."

The quality of being rich is not gained, I suppose, to more wealth of goods or money. Some of the other definitions of rich, are, "splendid, strongly impressive, pleasing, abounding in ample supply, colors, having something peculiar, perfect"—and I think you will admit that the "rays of morning," in the "Temple of Nature," would not be touch by the hand of affection, may be any or all of these.

In return for your notice, I send you a little production of mine, which, I think, would look distinction among *my friends*: and I should certainly be pleased to see it in print, as it is my only one in public "brighter" papers in the Union, among the number. If you can find nothing worthy of notice in a little poem that I send, I will endeavor to be more gifted of living English poets has recommended to the favorable notice of his countrymen, I am willing to submit my claims to the tribunal of strangers, and forego the mind to a contemplation of the great mystery of life, by demonstrating that youth has no and forget my name.

Yours, &c.

HOT WEATHER.

Summer has at length come in earnest. The extreme heat of the weather, which, to the surprise of those "most grave and reverend signiors," with the most fervent prayer the compiler of Poor's Almanac the righteousness out duly of offensive but of defensive war. Mr. Samson's session was a beautiful and very able one, and has recently been published in England, and received warm commendations for its literary merit and the pure and philanthropic spirit it breathes, from the British Press. We liked it for the above reasons, ourselves, very much; but, as "a practical man," we rather believe we give the preference to the speech of Mr. F. Webster, who was appointed orator for this year, and who delivered a very excellent address, which we would like to see the man who does not feel loss of patience on a hot summer night, when it is just possible to go to sleep even if unfurnished, at least by the low-toned humming of a distant but persevering mosquito. But, hus, but—such moments! growing louder—till the impudent *reptile* lights with a sudden shout on your face. We regret a philosopher would coolly put out his hand and motion gently the delicate animal away, but we are free to confess that our temperament is of a less phlegmatic nature. for we let drive generally with a violence that if our nocturnal serenader would only wait to receive it, would send him to the first out of his ugly little carcase. But a mosquito will never stand up and take a hit—like a gentleman, or but sensible of his danger, will only make a momentary saloon and then plays the same amusing game over again. There is no use in trying to kill him—jump up, light your lamp, put down your windows, and then make a thorough inspection of the room, and you will generally find that there is but much for the mosquitoes, and now for the best weather—here is a prescription worth all others that have ever been given—the Yellow Fever. Now go to work and get in your grain as soon as possible; if you are a mechanic, don't stop on account of the heat; but go on with your work early and late, eating off a little in the middle of the day; if you are a merchant, a lawyer, an editor, or anything else, just attend to your business as well as if you were so cool as a cucumber"—and in a short time, if something in our absence (I never have been) took the liberty of poking at the Lynn Bard; for see what a pretty letter we have received from him—one that better is nothing to the little gem of a book, pink-bound and gilt-edged, that accompanied it. We were indeed so pleased to receive this piece-offering from the Bard, that we immediately gathered the whole editorial conclave around us, and read aloud as follows:

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Yours, &c.

POVERTY NO EVIL.

The Rev. O. A. Brownson, a gentleman who has made some noise in his day by his frequent changes of religious belief, has found out at last, and in the highest respect, and in his whose sincerity not wish standing his eccentric course, considerable faith, as we certain that "poverty is no evil." We would like to know what Mr. Brownson does consider evils. Are not ignorance, and vicious associations, and starvation, and cold, and nakedness, and crowded cells, and cellars, and the countless miseries almost necessarily attendant upon extreme poverty at this end of the world, evils? If they be not, there is no common sense in the world that we can lay hand, by or living must attend it. We repeat that "evil" we may be kept from the door!" If they be not, the world is insane—this "evil" of poverty, in no wise, is an angel of light.

"The poor ye have always with you," Mr Brownson quotes. Aye, and great is our shame as a Christian people, that it is so. Were we not such, there should be thousands suffering for want of food and clothing, while the plenteous grain lay on the other side, and thinks not that there suffering ones are "his neighbors." Poverty not an evil—but poverty is not an evil, and if it is an evil, it ought to guard against one as the other. It, also, then, is not an evil but "a penance"—and we should act as those like the Mahometans, who deem it impious to attempt to stay the ravages of the destroying Plague.

We grant that Christian patience and fortitude are needed in bearing up under the weight of these sufferings; but that does not make them any the less evils. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge, our ancestors have sinned, and we are punished for their faults"—and we, and we, their children, suffer the penalty in poverty, in disease, and in innumerable other ways. They have done evil—we suffer evil—and the fruits are evil. Knowing therefore that these evil consequences are the results of our disobedience, let us labor with all our might to do away with it, or also strive for the coming of a better day by contributing to the best of our ability to halt promised "good things" to those who keep His commandments, as well in the present life as in that which is to come.

LAW REFORM.

Our readers will no doubt be rejoiced to learn that there is some prospect of a little light being let before many centuries, into the dark and bloody ground, as it may well be called, of legal technicalities. We have often had the assurance to say, that there was enough of the spirit of Christianity existing so much at the Law—but have been at once reproved by some one—interested in the game, or too unscrupulous. But at last the ordeal has been started at the very fountain head of our own law, England. The following notice of the proceedings of a meeting recently held in London speaks for itself, and we trust that the time is not far distant when the votes must be sent to Congress, and the Legislature, that such a meeting will be held in every city of the Union, and that the spirit of reform will be universal.

"The Lord Chancellor has given notice that he will move for leave to bring in a bill to amend the law of real property. The object of the measure is to simplify the transfer of real property, and to render it more certain and less expensive. The Lord Chancellor has also given notice that he will move for leave to bring in a bill to amend the law of bankruptcy and insolvency. The object of this measure is to simplify the proceedings in bankruptcy, and to render the law more certain and less expensive."

THE PEACE QUESTION.

Mr Sumner delivered an oration last year before the Legislature of Massachusetts, which, to the surprise of those "most grave and reverend signiors," with the most fervent prayer the compiler of Poor's Almanac the righteousness out duly of offensive but of defensive war. Mr. Samson's session was a beautiful and very able one, and has recently been published in England, and received warm commendations for its literary merit and the pure and philanthropic spirit it breathes, from the British Press. We liked it for the above reasons, ourselves, very much; but, as "a practical man," we rather believe we give the preference to the speech of Mr. F. Webster, who was appointed orator for this year, and who delivered a very excellent address, which we would like to see the man who does not feel loss of patience on a hot summer night, when it is just possible to go to sleep even if unfurnished, at least by the low-toned humming of a distant but persevering mosquito. But, hus, but—such moments! growing louder—till the impudent *reptile* lights with a sudden shout on your face. We regret a philosopher would coolly put out his hand and motion gently the delicate animal away, but we are free to confess that our temperament is of a less phlegmatic nature. for we let drive generally with a violence that if our nocturnal serenader would only wait to receive it, would send him to the first out of his ugly little carcase. But a mosquito will never stand up and take a hit—like a gentleman, or but sensible of his danger, will only make a momentary saloon and then plays the same amusing game over again. There is no use in trying to kill him—jump up, light your lamp, put down your windows, and then make a thorough inspection of the room, and you will generally find that there is but much for the mosquitoes, and now for the best weather—here is a prescription worth all others that have ever been given—the Yellow Fever. Now go to work and get in your grain as soon as possible; if you are a mechanic, don't stop on account of the heat; but go on with your work early and late, eating off a little in the middle of the day; if you are a merchant, a lawyer, an editor, or anything else, just attend to your business as well as if you were so cool as a cucumber"—and in a short time, if something in our absence (I never have been) took the liberty of poking at the Lynn Bard; for see what a pretty letter we have received from him—one that better is nothing to the little gem of a book, pink-bound and gilt-edged, that accompanied it. We were indeed so pleased to receive this piece-offering from the Bard, that we immediately gathered the whole editorial conclave around us, and read aloud as follows:

DEAR SIR,

In a recent number of your estimable and extensively read and circulated paper, you were pleased to copy a very hastily written production of mine, on receiving a wreath of flowers from a gift unknown to me. Had your correspondent been written in a spirit of kindness, I would have thanked you from my "heart of hearts," but to my astonishment, he has come out in a way, as to wound a stricken deer that long since left the herd. I shall not endeavor to deprecate criticism, by reminding you that these verses were written with a running pen, and only printed in a public paper by request. I have but one only way in which they could come to the eye of the subscriber friend who had done to me an act of kindness—but I shall content myself with giving you the real occasion of the article which you have undercursed as if you thought them unworthy.

"*The slave of heaven is oft rich blessings o'er thee.*"

It is a common mistake to imagine that no fool but wrote can wail. Webster defines Wail—"to bear Christian grief, to bear a burthen, to convey through water or air, to bury, to cause to float." This definition weds the words into perfect poetry.

"*Bright as sweet flowers dyed in golden fountains.*"

It certainly requires no uncommon exercise of the imagination, to conceive that gold may be melted and made fluid; and then if a flower, even if it were simple and rustic as the author of the line, were dipped in it, I fancy it would come out bright.

"Now as the rays of morning on the mountains."

The quality of being rich is not gained, I suppose, to more wealth of goods or money. Some of the other definitions of rich, are, "splendid, strongly impressive, pleasing, abounding in ample supply, colors, having something peculiar, perfect"—and I think you will admit that the "rays of morning," in the "Temple of Nature," would not be touch by the hand of affection, may be any or all of these.

In return for your notice, I send you a little production of mine, which, I think, would look distinction among *my friends*: and I should certainly be pleased to see it in print, as it is my only one in public "brighter" papers in the Union, among the number. If you can find nothing worthy of notice in a little poem that I send, I will endeavor to be more gifted of living English poets has recommended to the favorable notice of his countrymen, I am willing to submit my claims to the tribunal of strangers, and forego the mind to a contemplation of the great mystery of life, by demonstrating that youth has no and forget my name.

Yours, &c.

DEATH OF THE POPE.

We mentioned in our last the death of the Pope; and we have thought that a brief notice of some of the ceremonies observed at Rome upon the occasion might be interesting to our readers.

A correspondent of the Boston Atlas says—"As soon as his death was announced, one of the Cardinals proceeded to the Vatican, and, in presence of the assembled court, and raising the white veil with which the face of the deceased Pontiff had been covered, struck three blows on the forehead with a silver hammer, calling him by his Christian name after each blow. He then announced from the window. Il Papa e realmente morto. (The Pope is really dead.) He broke the fisherman's ring and great seal of State, while the tolling of the great bell at the capitol was echoed from every church in the city. Spiritual and temporal the white veil with which the face of the deceased Pontiff had been covered, struck three blows on the forehead with a silver hammer, calling him by his Christian name after each blow. He then announced from the window. Il Papa e realmente morto. (The Pope is really dead.) He broke the fisherman's ring and great seal of State, while the tolling of the great bell at the capitol was echoed from every church in the city. Spiritual and temporal authority was suspended. The body was then embalmed, clothed in the pontifical robes, and placed in state in the Sistine Chapel, on a litter by white stoles, escorted by a long procession of soldiers, priests, choristers and monks carrying lighted tapers. The body was then placed and was carried in a vase to the Church of St. Vincent, and yesterday the body was placed in the chapel of the Sacrament, in St. Peter's, which was the last burial, then em'd, closed, remains exposed in the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament during three days, the bearing the inscription of his name, and the day and the casing which encloses the Chapel. The people pay their last homage and respect and regret to the mortal remains of the Pope by walking through the bar. The funeral ceremonies, which last nine days, commence on the second day by the assembly at interment, which takes place in the presence of the Great Chamberlain, the Cardinals appointed by the deceased, and the clerks of the chamber.

Lord Brougham's speech in the House of Lords, on the Test and Corporation Acts, has been published in London under the same title, and attracted much attention. It occupies more than twenty-five pages.

The Telegraph and Illustrated Odd Fellows' Magazine, No. 1, is the title of a new monthly that has been sent to us devoted "to the peculiar principles of Odd Fellowship." It is published at Cincinnati, by Donogan & Co., and is the organ of the Grand Lodge of the State of Ohio.

The Literary Gazette, No. 1, is the title of a new weekly publication, which appears in the English Reviews and Magazines, and the matter appears to be very full. Price one dollar per annum.

Literal Living Age. We have before us the 113th number of this valuable work, which contains the best articles that appear in the English Reviews and Magazines. It is published by Messrs. Littell, Ives & Co. are the agents for it in this city.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Ibrahim Pacha and the Learned Buckmaster—Warlike Preparations—Gardner's Patent—The Heat of Weather—Mr. Van Buren—Mr. Hendricks Dickett—Prince Waldemar—A Literary Journal—Mr. Sumner's Address Forgiven—Miscellaneous—The Press.

Bristol, England, June 17, 1846.

The last of the day in Europe just now, is this city. The Pacha of Egypt is now in London, and he is now undergoing a similar ordeal in Paris. But as you will see full accounts of all the Pacha's doings in England, I will not trouble you with them. Suffice it to say, that he is now in Paris, on leaving that city. One unlooked-after of this Royal visit will be the gradual introduction of European customs and manners and dress into Egypt. Well, after all, I feel disposed to think that the manners of the people in England will not be sacrificed to those of the Pacha, but that he will be sacrificed to the manners of the people. Of this judge by the following incident, which took place at the Pacha's table, at Windsor, a few days since. The Queen, with her husband, Prince Albert, sat at the head of the table, and Ibrahim sat at a short distance from them. The Queen asked Ibrahim if he would not take some wine with her. He replied that he would be very happy to do so, but that he was a Mahometan, and that his religion forbade him to drink wine. The Queen then asked him if he would not take some champagne, as that was not wine. He replied that he would be very happy to do so, but that he was a Mahometan, and that his religion forbade him to drink champagne. The Queen then asked him if he would not take some water with her. He replied that he would be very happy to do so, but that he was a Mahometan, and that his religion forbade him to drink water. The Queen then asked him if he would not take some tea with her. He replied that he would be very happy to do so, but that he was a Mahometan, and that his religion forbade him to drink tea. The Queen then asked him if he would not take some coffee with her. He replied that he would be very happy to do so, but that he was a Mahometan, and that his religion forbade him to drink coffee. The Queen then asked him if he would not take some milk with her. He replied that he would be very happy to do so, but that he was a Mahometan, and that his religion forbade him to drink milk. The Queen then asked him if he would not take some bread with her. He replied that he would be very happy to do so, but that he was a Mahometan, and that his religion forbade him to eat bread. The Queen then asked him if he would not take some meat with her. He replied that he would be very happy to do so, but that he was a Mahometan, and that his religion forbade him to eat meat. The Queen then asked him if he would not take some fish with her. He replied that he would be very happy to do so, but that he was a Mahometan, and that his religion forbade him to eat fish. The Queen then asked him if he would not take some vegetables with her. He replied that he would be very happy to do so, but that he was a Mahometan, and that his religion forbade him to eat vegetables. The Queen then asked him if he would not take some fruit with her. He replied that he would be very happy to do so, but that he was a Mahometan, and that his religion forbade him to eat fruit. The Queen then asked him if he would not take some wine with her. He replied that he would be very happy to do so, but that he was a Mahometan, and that his religion forbade him to drink wine. The Queen then asked him if he would not take some champagne with her

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Congressional News.

The Senate have been principally occupied during the last week with the discussion of the Warehouse and Tariff Bills. It is the general opinion that the former will be passed, but the fate of the latter still remains in some doubt. There is a probability now that it will be passed by the casting vote upon its passage; it would then remain with the Vice President to determine its fate. What course Mr. Dallas will pursue in the event of a double vote—though the probability is that he would give his casting vote in the affirmative. We shall see.

On the 11th Mr. Hall presented a petition signed by every importer and dry goods merchant in Boston, against the bill to reduce the tariff.

A bill was passed the same week for the relief of the widow of Alexander Hamilton, and the publication of various papers of his in her possession—yeas 31, nays 10.

A bill for the improvement of the navigation of Ark Mississippi, and Red Rivers, was also read and been passed by the Senate with amendments.

The Graduation Bill, with the House amendments, was taken up on the 12th, and after a short debate, referred to the Committee on Public Lands for amendment. Mr. Calhoun opposed it as strong terms. The principle on which it is based, he said, have already been selected. A stronger fort and two batteries are nearly completed at Kingston, Upper Canada. Similar works on a large scale have been in session at Montreal for some four months, and completed their place, which are reliable to mount 100 guns.

Mr. Phelps then took the floor and spoke his hour, defending the administration in reply to Mr. Giddings and Tilden. The Committee then rose, and the House adjourned.

CANADA ALMOST TAKEN.—The renowned MEXICAN commander rame very near falling into the hands of some of our volunteers recently. Capt McCullough, a company of Texas Rangers, received information that a foraging was to come off about fifteen miles from that place, and that Canales was to be present. He at once started with his men repaired to the vicinity of the ranche, and waited in the darkness for the least on the night to make his appearance. When every thing was made ready the Rangers walked in and politely requested an introduction to Mr. Mexican Canales. The gentleman had not arrived, but two of his officers were there and received an invitation to ride out to Rio Grande and pay a visit to Gen. Worth. They feared to accept them very graciously, and insisted on their becoming his guests until General Taylor should have time to attend to them.

ATTEMPT TO KILL T. F. MARSHALL.—The Louisville Courier says:—Capt. Thomas F. Marshall made a speech in this city last week but his re-Monday evening last several volunteers with whom he had a difficulty, drew their pistols, and pointed them at Mr. Marshall, who was unarmed, and strange as fortunate, the caps on all exploded without discharging the deadly contents with which their pistols were charged. It is probably the heavy rain of that evening to which the volunteers were exposed, dampened the powder and thus prevented the discharge of the fire-arms. The individual for his life. The offending volunteers were promptly placed under arrest.

GEN. TAYLOR.—The greatest enthusiasm and confidence is felt by the soldiers in the camp of Gen. Taylor, among both regulars and volunteers, and well such is the case, for the General never yet commanders it will be to victory. When it was announced in the brigade of volunteers that General Scott was about to supersede Gen. Taylor, and assume the joy of the men, and so apparent, that their officers immediately called them out and marched them to the front, where opposite to Gen. Taylor's tent's quarters, and gave him a military salute; after which the soldiers gave him three cheers, the heartiness of which plainly indicated that they were from the heart.

☞ The Harrisburg papers contain notices of intended applications to the next Legislature for two new banks, and for the re-charter of an old one. One of the applications for a new bank come from Dauphin county, and is entitled a Savings Bank—capital $100,000; from the Bank of Commerce, Philadelphia, capital $500,000; and from the Northern Liberties Bank, Philadelphia, capital $500,000.

TROUBLE AMONG THE INDIANS.—Some apprehension appears to be entertained, that an attack will be made upon the settlements by the Chippewas, for the purpose of recovering two Sioux women recently thrown on a charge of killing a Chippewa. The two men were taken from the custody of the the friends of the murdered man were clamorous to get possession of them, that they might inflict summary vengeance on the unfortunate captives. U. S. troops at the Fort, composing ninety men.

MORMONS IN TEXAS.—About one hundred and fifty of the emigrating Mormons have reached the encampment near Austin. The Austin City Gazette Telegraph advises them to settle on the Indian frontier, on the Rio Frio, where they will find a country rich, fertile, healthy and beautiful—the land of promise, and be free from the persecutions which the spirit of intolerance has so frequently let loose upon them.

TEA CHESTS.—The London correspondent of the Boston Atlas, writing on the day of and of the Britannia, says:—It is reported to-day—the only, that the Asiatic clothes has made its appearance at Hull. It has been known for some that the clothes has appeared in several places—towns India and Russia, it having taken precisely the same route as it did many years since."

MAINE U. S. SENATOR.—The Legislature of Maine has succeeded in electing James W. Bradbury of Augusta, U. S. Senator from that State.

FIRE AT NANTUCKET.

The New York papers of Wednesday evening contain the particulars, in part, of a fire which broke out at Nantucket, at 11 P. M. on Monday, and at the time of the boats leaving on Tuesday, was still raging furiously, with no means of stopping it.

The fire was discovered in the store occupied by E. & J. Kelly, and the flames spread with such rapidity as to baffle every exertion to repress them.

About two hundred buildings are said already to be destroyed—it should be remembered that almost entirely of wood, renders it very difficult to arrest the flames. Twenty buildings had been blown up, and Capt. Swain's Pile of ice-houses with but little effect except in one instance; and it was exceedingly difficult to procure water.

A COOL CUSTOMER.—Sometime ago, there was a great noise about the presentation of a service of plate from the King of Prussia to Dr. Muller, the Pastor of the Lutheran Reformed Church at Washington, but at that time it was little thought that the reverend divine was such a contrast hypocrite as he proves to be within the last few days have come to light, which have caused his abrupt departure from that city, attended by the curses of every patriot in the District. He has left a wife and child, and decamped.

A MILITARY EXPEDITION TO CALIFORNIA.—From the rumors in the New York Journals, and from Washington City, it seems probable that a military expedition is being fitted out to California. This expedition, it is said, will consist of a force of ten thousand young men, selected from the best of the U. S. regiments, which will be sent round by the eastern States, and will go in the capacity of soldier and emigrant. They are to be fully offered 160 acres each. One quarter's pay, and the volunteers, so long as their services may be required by the General Government in their war with Mexico. They propose to take their families with them, and receiving 320 acres of land in California, on which they would become settlers. It is thought the expedition is not fully stated, but it is probably with a view to take possession of that country, and to hold it against any interference by the expenses incurred in the Mexican war.

TWO WIVES ELOPED.—The New York True sun says, that on Friday morning, about 2 o'clock, the good people of Hoboken were startled by a cry that a woman was in the utmost confusion by a rumor (which soon rapidly spread) that two young married women, the wives of fourteen years of age, had eloped with two men, almost strangers to them. The husbands were in search and on the trail of the fugitives.

Fortunately, neither of the women have any children, and their husbands may, therefore, consider themselves relieving as much from the nuisance as from their bad bargains. What renders the affair still more singular is, that the men have each abandoned a wife and children for another, who (unfortunately) have no children to curse their recreant parents.

DANGEROUS SHOT.—On the 4th, a couple of John Bulls, from Canada, paid a visit to Ogdensburg, bringing with an ordinary rifle a gun, and after loitering about for a time, ascended to the top of the Block House, and commenced firing at the passing boats. No sooner was the outrage discovered, than the crowd made a rush for them and were about to administer summary punishment on their prompt arrest. After being carried before the magistrate, they were allowed to depart on condition that the gun be transferred to the care of the Collector, and that they leave the country. By the assistance of others this was done without delay, and they made good their escape from the excited crowd.

TEXAS NEW FORTIFICATIONS IN CANADA.—The Montreal papers assert that $1,000,000 are to be expended in the course of the next three years, in erecting new batteries and fortifications on the river St. Lawrence and the ports on Lake Ontario. At Toronto, Hope and Point Henry, they have already been selected. A stronger fort and two batteries are nearly completed at Kingston, Upper Canada. Similar works on a large scale have been in session at Montreal for some four months, and completed their place, which are reliable to mount 100 guns.

☞ The Mexican Government has issued a decree, dated June 6th, declaring all goods shipped from the United States by the way of Matamoras, and more its occupation by the American army, confiscated and liable to seizure. There is a provision in the decree, however, that goods which have been paid. The Matamoras Reveille, however, is an ordinary sailor's grab, and active only. If we are not entitled to the free navigation of the Rio Grand Bravo Del Norte, we don't know who is.

SUN STROKE.—Sudden congestion of the brain, or "sun stroke," may not always prove fatal if a fall or insanity is at once swallowed, and mustard to the abdomen and extremities be applied. The New York papers contain a list of names of those who thirty persons whose deaths have been caused by sun stroke between Friday and Sunday the 13th and 14th inst.

☞ The Wheat Harvest is in progress in Northern Illinois. All accounts concur in representing the crop as unprecedentedly large, and in every respect excellent.

THE PILOT CAN BE CURED.—The Scene is considered by many to be incurable, and there are hundreds who are afflicted with it. Dr. Brandreth's Pills are certain to relieve them in the shortest time possible. Let all who are afflicted, therefore, procure some of Dr. Brandreth's valuable Medicines, which can only be procured at 241 Broadway, N. York. Third door.

BE CARE OF THE CROUP, for coughing denotes imminent danger. Dr. Swayne's Wild Cherry is a specific for *Consumption, Inflammation, Abscess, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough*, and all diseases of the throat and lungs. Sold at No. 8 South THIRD St.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE NATIONAL EXCHANGE POST, BY E. C. BISBEE, BROKER.

No. 24 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, July 13, 1846.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia banks	par
Bank of Pittsburgh	par
Do. Chambersburg	dis
Do. Gettysburg	par
Do. Harrisburg	par
Carlisle	1 dis
Northumberland	1 dis
Bloomsville	1 dis
Lewisburg	1 dis
Wyoming	1 dis
Towanda	1 dis
Susquehanna county	1 dis
Wayne	1 dis
Lehigh county bank	1 dis
Easton	1 dis
Honesdale	1 dis
Wilkesbarre	1 dis
West Branch	1 dis
Lancaster	1 dis
Middletown	1 dis
Columbia	1 dis
Reliefnote	1 dis

NEW JERSEY

Trenton, Mechanics,	par
Do. State	par
Camden, Mutual	par
Do. Bridge	par
Newark, Newtown,	par
Do. Mechanics	par
Do. Commercial	par
Belleville, Middletown, Middlesex county, Manufacturers, Orange, Mechanics, Morris county, Farmers, Hunterdon county, Farmers, Salem, Cumberland, Farmers, Burlington, Farmers, Mechanics, Bridgeton, Farmers, Cape May, Farmers, Mechanics, Woodbury, Farmers, Mechanics, Gloucester, Farmers, Mechanics, West Jersey, Farmers, Mechanics, Mount Holly, Farmers, Mechanics, Salem, Farmers, Mechanics, Cumberland

Selected Poetry.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY W. D. GALLAGHER.

A song for the sanity times our Wor.
And our grass old forest boors,
Whose pleasant memories freshly yet
Across our home comes!
A song for the free and gladsome life,
In these early days we led,
With a hunting and fishing knack our feet,
And a smiling heart's a'er head!
Oh, the waves of life danced merrily,
And had a joyous flow,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

The bear, the shot, the glorious chase,
The captured elk or deer;
The camp, the log, bright fire, and then
The rich and wholesome cheer;
The sweet, sound sleep at dead of night,
By our camp-fire blazing high—
Unbroken by the wolf's long howl,
And the panther springing by.
Oh, merrily passed the time, dropsy
Our wily Indian foe,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

We shun't set labor; when 'twas due,
We wrought with right good will;
And for the banner we won for them.
Our children bless us still.
We 've toiled at hermit lives, but oft
In social converse met;
And lives of love were kindled then,
That burn as warmly yet.
Oh, pleasantly the stream of life
Formed its content flow,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

We flch that we were fellow men;
We felt we were a band,
Sustain'd here in the wilderness
By Heaven's upholding hand.
And of all on the solemn Sabbath came
We gather'd in the wood,
And lifted up our hearts in the prayer
To God, the only Good.
Our temples then were earth and sky;
Nane others did we know,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

Our forest life was rough and rude,
And danger stood us round;
But here amid the green old trees,
We Freedom sought and found.
Oh! through our dwellings, here was seen
Wealth's rich wealth and store;
We sought—though they were but fruit,
We felt they were our own!
Our toil was sweet, and calm our rest,
Mid verdure, or amid snow,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

But now our course of life is short;
And as, from day to day,
We're wielding on with halting step,
And leaning by the way,
Another land, more bright than this,
To our dim sight appears,
And on each grave we'll mem
Again be Pioneers!
Yet while we linger, we may all
A hearty pleasure afford them;
To the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago!
To the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

A Pleasant Tale.

MIRZA;
An Oriental Tale

FROM THE TALISMAN.

It is a mortifying subject to those who are possessed of wealth and power, that there are things which wealth cannot purchase, or prerogative command, yet, without which affluence is worthless, and power without zest. It is of little account to be powerful, if we have not health; or rich, if we have not a contented mind.

Among others whom experience had taught this unpleasant truth was the great Shah Abbas the Great, one of the finest, wisest and most extensive monarchs of Persian, and imaginary Brother of the Sun, and Uncle to the Moon. The magnificence of his palaces, the multitude of his attendants and the coolness of his equipages—the numbers of his armies and their prowess in the field—were the wonder, admiration, and envy of all his royal contemporaries.

And yet Shah Abbas was unhappy.

Then he added fresh beauties to his old palaces, and he caused to be erected, new ones, still more splendid; he increased the number of his retinue and of his armies—his mandates, issued more peremptorily than ever, were executed more rigidly, and his subjects wondered and trembled at the grandeur of Shah Abbas.

Still he was disconsolate; yet, he who dwelt amid the splendid harems of palaces—by whose permission mostly thousands lived, was more unhappy than the poorest in his humble cot, who only knew his beauty, and it were in his power to add to the wild of tyrannical caprice.

Having all last described to those who were the executors of his power or the servants of his luxury, would render pressure him happiness nor inform him how or where it could be obtained. Shah Abbas summoned together the wise men of his country—those whose lives had been passed in the study of wisdom, and the acquirement of the theory of virtue.

"Tell me," said the Prince, "ye who have spent many years in the pursuit of wisdom, and have reaped the fruits of labor and experience—what is necessary to constitute a happy man?"

Three days were allotted the sages, for the gratification of their answer; and he who gave in one that was satisfactory, was promised a reward nearly to the proposer of the question.

The hope of reward was great—but the fear of punishment was greater, for the monarch one hasty mistake the displeasure of one whose word was life or death, a rank they all very earnestly avoided. At the last day appointed for delivery of their answers—they were unanimously agreed in the opinion that to be happy a man must be powerful and rich—even as Shah Abbas.

If the Prince had no reason to expect different answers, he felt little satisfaction in those which were given.

Now it was an open court that the answers of the sages were to be heard, and, it happened that among the persons present, was a travelling Dervish, one of a class of men whose devotion grants what pomp and effigiette would call poverty—the access to the palaces and councils of Eastern kings.

No sooner had the sages concluded their glowing and eloquent ipsetuations of the happiness of him who is powerful and rich, than the listening Dervish abruptly broke into a clamor that caused

Had wealth and power constituted a happy being, his own beings would have left the great Shah Abbas no room for inquiring on the subject; since he would have known that to be great and powerful was to be happy. Few words may suffice to describe, as well as language can do it, what it is to be perfectly happy—the change of a single word may do it; it is to be prodigally good but if Shah Abbas would know further of human happiness let him learn of Mirza, of the peaceful Valley—he is an always happy.

As it is permitted to the oriental Dervishes to enter without invitation or apology, and in a dress little less that of the courtiers, the palaces of Eastern kings so it is permitted them in other truths that would be unexpressed and, the lowerings of they proceeded from low highly privileged lips. Perhaps one reason of this toleration may be found in the fact, that their notions of virtue are supposed to be the result of enthusiasm—or, at least, impracticable theories, which no one conceives himself obliged to observe, because he believes in them.

At the opinions of the Dervish in Shah Abbas' court, were not at the time agreeable to the Prince, they excited a curiosity which caused him to send messengers on learning, next morning, that he had left the palace, and by a route unknown.

The dismissal of the Prince from the time, continued to increase, and his desire of finding Mirza, of the Peaceful Valley, grew so intense, that he at last now ordered upon going in search of his whereabouts, and in disguise. In a few days after issuing the resolution, he carried it into effect.

After travelling all day, as chance directed, about nightfall he arrived at the summit of a lofty mountain, from whence a winding pathway led by a gradual descent, to a beautiful valley. The Prince did not, however, immediately quit the summit of the mountain, but passed awhile in contemplation and admire the scene below.

On either side of the valley a lofty range of mountains, vested with herbage, and adorned with trees, enclosed the happy spot from the rest of the world. A little rivulet, for it could scarcely be called a river, glided through the centre of the valley; and at short distances, on its margin, were seen the white cottages of the peasants, some appearing in the distance of lofty poplars, others from beneath the pendule foliage of the willow. To every cottage was attached a garden—small, and in imitation of pasture, the fleecy tenants of which, added in no small degree to the picturesque beauty of the scene; while here and there, on the mountain side, or on some jutting point, the daring goat was seen browsing on the luxuriant herbage.

As Shah Abbas gazed on the delightful scene, the dusk of the twilight imperceptibly changed into the lovely brilliancy of moonlight. The Prince had not witnessed an effect of the moon's rays on the glittering domes of palaces and mosques; but whether it was the particular time of novelty, or the just preference of good taste and reason—he thought he had never seen anything half so beautiful—so heavenly—as the moonlit valley.

"Surely this must be the place of which the Dervish spoke," said the Prince, as he descended the winding track of the mountain path; "and one of these sweet homes of innocence and humility must be the abode of Mirza."

Having passed from the dim stream at the mountain's base, by its rude bridge of trees, he went up to the first cottage door that presented itself. It was the abode of Mirza. The Prince ascertained himself as a traveller from Persian, who had been assured of a hospitable reception at the present of a cottage, by a Dervish, whom he had met on the road.

"It was the good Dervish Feraishah," said the peasant, "we must not forfeit the character he thought us worthy of receiving."

Accordingly, as Shah Abbas had been to smiling faces, kind looks, and fair words, there was something in the language and countenance of the peasant Mirza, as he welcomed the Prince to the cottage, he had never believe seen. Far the first time in his life, he was in the presence of one fondly treated in accordance with all by which it was surrounded.

The Prince partook of the humble repast with a zest and pleasure he had never felt at the sumptuous banquet of his royal palace.

"You are indeed highly favored of Allah," said the Prince, "else whence let it has fallen to inherit so beautiful a spot in this valley."

"We must not murmur before we can be unhappy," replied the peasant.

But do you never suffer from the devastations of the storm, or the ravages of the mountain torrent?" inquired Shah Abbas.

We have the changes and vicissitudes of seasons here, as well as elsewhere, answered Mirza; "and we sometimes experience what many, who dwell on the other side of the mountains call a calamity, but which we believe to be the will of Allah, we know that he proposes the good of his children, when he sets bounds on our valley, or limits to our wishes. We are thankful to be with our lives, we should not mourn over the loss of property, which is the result of unfortunate accident, or being miserable, while all is bright and calm wherein it matters not, the changes and terror of the tempest may be forgotten."

"But, suppose you should lose all that now makes you happy," said the Prince.

"I have a happiness that is not of earth," rejoined Mirza. "I have wealth in the flocks that are feeding in the pasture around us; I have a treasure beyond price in the daughter of my bosom, and if happiness depended upon these outward blessings—how could I be happy I—I should not have been for one hour, nay, a few moments, may rob me of any of them—and that a few short years must rob me of all! I should not be happy in the midst of wealth, whilst they are good for me, but to lose such much—to forfeit them at last is but a trifle to pay for an uninterrupted enjoyment."

However just these statements might appear to the Prince, he was by no means convinced that the peasant was entirely independent of external circumstances as Mirza supposed; yet of one thing he left assured on returning to his palace—that the Peaceful Valley was not much nearer to happiness than himself.

It was not long before the Prince again visited the Peaceful Valley, disguised as before. He met with the same kind welcome from the peasant and his daughter as on the former occasion.

"It is well for me," said Mirza, when the pleasures of a frugal repast gave place to friendly conversation, "that I have had the visit of a friend but of late morning, since then it has pleased the Allseen to permit that I should lose one portion of the blessings which were mine—a band of robbers descended from the mountains and drove off my flocks; I resisted, but in vain, and before my friends could rally to my assistance, the depredators had accomplished their purpose."

It may believe it to be the will of Heaven," said Shah Abbas, "that you should be deprived of but doing wrong in resisting those who were but the instruments of that will."

"Not so," rejoined the peasant—it is permitted, say, commanded by Allah that we should resist violence that we exercise prudence to avoid it, if he resists in vain, here and his reward. So surely he who does in a good cause, gains more than the loss sustains, who endeavors to pursue the grace and triumph of an evenful tyranny."

"Yet surely your happiness must be less than for loss sustained, and the fruits of your labor."

"I am poorer, but not less happy," replied Mirza, "and I have friends who are kinder besides, have and a home to shelter me from the storm—and a child to bless that home with her affection and her duty."

Shah Abbas offered at that time nothing against the method in which the peasant conducted himself, but he determined to keep his secret to himself, with his opinions a little shaken. He had ordered he gone to set, to change a convert to the doctrines of the Dervish Feraishah, or an external principle of happiness. He no longer sought for pleasure in a merciless exercise of power—and from that was more than one instance conferred upon his wealth, in acts of secret beneficence, that neither contributed to the beautifying his old palaces, nor to the building of new ones.

A few nights after the last visit of the king to the Peaceful Valley, a band of ruffians set on Mirza's cottage and carried off by brute force, his daughter, and the peasant for the first time in his life, spurred the valley. Before he could reach the Shah Abbas to beg the assistance of the Prince in recovering his child.

He presented himself at the gates of the palace, but instead of obtaining the audience he craved, he was thrown into a gloomy dungeon.

Before the departure of the vagabond Prince visited him in the prison. "I disapply unfortunate man," said the Prince, "surely your trust in Heaven has been misplaced.

"Not so," said the prisoner, "it is all that is now left me,—still he could be taken from me, I should be the most unhappy of men.

And can a benevolent man, a charitable, pious—can such a one be visited with misfortune and persecution, imposed—he otherwise than unhappy?"

That my heart bleeds for my lost child is true indeed, that I think with confusion of the cruel tyranny of the ki g, is likewise true, but my trust in Heaven is not destroyed; how can I be unhappy when I know that the God of Mercy is my friend? I have close on my soul—I yet believe that all which has happened, is the will of one who is all powerful and good? They have but my carriage —they have stolen my child—but that which is richer by far, cannot deprive me of. To him who has learnt the lesson which I have learnt, the loss of life is a gain—for it restores to him all that was of value.

Since the news of consolation was denied, the disguised Prince did not attempt to offer any, but left the peasant, with an assurance that he would see him on the morrow, in the presence of the king.

The morrow came, and the prisoner was brought into the presence of Shah Abbas; and at once recognised the traveller and visitor at his cottage in the Peaceful Valley. Mirza knelt in the presence of the king.

"Rise, Mirza," said Shah Abbas, "and behold in me the soldier who deprived you of all that man could deprive you of, but of happiness —your flocks and your cottage I will restore, but the pride of your heart and your home—your daughter, must henceforth—if I have her consent and yours—be the inmate of the palace, where she will enjoy a choice first found in a peasant's home. Bring forth your precious charge!"

At these words a door beside the throne was opened, and the peasant daughter was in an instant in the arms of her father.

The great Shah Abbas had never again occasion to trouble the sages of his court for the definition of a happy man.

Original Sketch.

GLOUCESTER CITY.

A correspondent residing at Georgetown, Del. who writes us an account of a recent tour to this city for the whole of which we are unable to find room, gives the following particulars of a visit to the Native Manufactories at Gloucester Point, a short distance below Philadelphia, upon the opposite side of the Delaware, where many thousands of dollars have been expended up, called by the aspiring name of Gloucester City.

"At length," Embarking on board a small steamboat at Walnut street wharf, I had a very pleasant and expeditious sail to Gloucester City ferry. I had the gratification to be made acquainted on board the boat, with one of the stockholders of the principal manufactory, and through his kindness and gentlemanly conduct, I was conducted through every part of the factories and machine shops. There are two buildings, each fifty feet wide, by three or four long, and four stories high. There are now in the building completed, fifteen thousand spindles in operation, and hundred power looms, each one of which turns out twenty-two yards of fabric-making in the whole, eight thousand eight hundred yards of fine cloth per day. This is the only article manufactured in the establishment. The demand is considerable, and I think there was an order for 100 thousand yards, that I know he said had only been feared as a Prince, found himself treated as a man.

Every thing in the produce of the Valley afforded was set before the Prince by the peasant's daughter with a cheerful alacrity and a smiling grace, that bespoke a heart at ease, and one in which sweet were beautiful. It was the beauty of simplicity and innocence, that would have charmed any observer, but in that valley in that cottage, the Prince found its appearance is quite prepossessing. There are from three hundred and fifty to four hundred persons in the whole, now employed in the building finished all at whom seem to give the best attention to business and good order; every convenience for the safety and cleanliness of the building has been attended to, and the Directors and Stockholders have spared no pains to make it, what in fact it is, an establishment of no ordinary character. There are four iron ladders leading from the earth to the roof on each side of the building, so that in case of fire, an escort may be made at four different points with the utmost facility. There are four blocks of good substantial brick buildings belonging to the Company, each block containing eight houses, making in the whole thirty-two houses; and each house containing nine rooms. A large number of the girls are boarded here at one dollar and twenty five cents per week, and many of them save two-three to five dollars per week, after paying board and other expenses. There is a Committee connected with the buildings by which they are lighted with gas; the engine now in operation, consumes about three and a half tons of coal per day. There is a very large and commodious boarding house connected with the establishment, under the care and direction of the sons of Mr Neter, to whose gentlemanly conduct I am indebted for conducting me through this extensive manufactory, and giving me explanations relative to its operation and water power.

There is a very neat and substantial brick Methodist Church on the place, where religious worship is unitormly, and I trust profitably attended to.

J. R. T.

Salmagundi.

THE HOWITTS.

The English correspondent of the Boston Atlas, in his last letter gives some sketches of William and Mary Howitt, which many persons will read with interest. Mr. Howitt is a native of Derby.

Mr. Howitt, who is, at present, editor of the "People's Journal," in which is a beautiful memoir of the Hawes sisters, is one of the most modest of many gentlemen respecting Austrian. My accounts of Lowell greatly interested him. He said that persons met Mrs Howitt in the cars, and spoke to her without knowing who she was. An American gentleman had told them that, if they did, they would not only be warmly welcomed to their house, but could not enable me to escape the murderous cruelties of the fascinating wife; but I found deliverance and safety in the Howitt's unpretending parlor.

A few days before, my father had brought home the children to see me, and, until sunset, one of which he gave to me. It contained an account of a Hottentot and lion in which the Hottentot was victorious. This I read to the family, and, when I had concluded, they were all loud in its praise. The boy was delighted with the book, and evidently been watching me, and, when I was reading, he had been watching me, but the shy fellow had not quite read credit. I was nearly half a mile from home, and the boy was afraid to go alone, and I could not dismiss him